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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, MAY 4, 1899. NUMBER 10.

FROM THE FILIPINOS.*

We had waited for the coming
Of the brave men from the West,
Who would help us gain our freedom
Long, long cherished in our breast.

We had waited, long years waited
For that glorious day to see,
When our shackles should be broken
And our homes and lands set free.

O how sweet the music sounded
O'er the waters of the bay,
When the guns belched forth their thunder,
Dealing death to Spanish sway.

Sweet and strong was our rejoicing,
Proud we walked that bright May day,
Broke our voices into singing,
Light our hearts and O how gay.

They had come, for whom we'd waited,
With their ships of steel and fire,
Bringing hope to every creature,
Bringing hope to son and sire.

But our joy is turned to sorrow—
Have we trusted you in vain?
Have you freed us from the Spaniard
To enslave us once again?

Yea, our hopes are well nigh blasted—
O how sad the story runs—
For those ships, all cleared for action,
Threaten death to our brave sons.

We're no match for you, O brother,
We are weak but you are strong;
You have men and guns and vessels—
What have we but freedom's song?

Hear yet, pray, a word of warning,
Give unto it earnest heed:
Should you turn your guns upon us,
You the free condemned would be,

In the councils of the nations,
In the homes of every land
For forgetting your traditions
For your broken faith to man.

Be our friend but not our master,
Help us stand upon our feet;
Help a weak, a struggling nation,
Loving freedom which is meet.

University of Chicago. ALFRED M. WILSON.

*These lines were written less than ten days before the break in the Philippine Islands at Manila between our men and the Filipinos.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1899. NUMBER 9.

Those who resent the biblical criticism that discovers and restores the legends of a primitive people and the folk-lore of the Hebrew nation, little realize the groundlessness of their fear, for these critics restore to us the most enduring poetry of the world, poetry that comes from that safest and grandest of poets, the power that works throughout human history, expresses itself in the ideals and affections of successive generations of a nation. Shakespeare is perhaps the greatest poet that bears a name and holds a place in the history of mankind. But there is one poet more fertile and fluent in imagination than Shakespeare, one with a greater genius than the Bard of Avon, and that is, human nature itself, human nature in bulk, humanity taken in large aggregates. To justify this statement it is but necessary to remember that the largest poetry in German literature is not that of Lessing, Schiller or even Goethe, but it is the poetry of the Nibelungenlied, which no German wrote, because all Germans through successive generations and growing centuries formed it. We may study Scandinavian poetry as reflected in its classes and their known representatives, but the biggest thing in Scandinavian poetry is that which has been done through the coöperation of the masters, the Sagas that were not made, but, like Topsey, "just growed." They came out of the unconscious imagination and development of unnumbered centuries. Give them at least a thousand years in which to grow.

"But what are you going to do about it?" "Anybody can criticize, but give us a program." These are the questions constantly thrown at the head of those who criticise the present armaments of the world and the mobilization of armies. Charles G. Ames, the beloved successor of James Freeman Clarke, makes the following very practical suggestions in the "Peace Crusade," published in Boston, as something which might be undertaken at once. It is a great program for the Peace Congress. Be the Czar sincere or otherwise, here is a task for sincere men to accomplish.

1. Treatise of arbitration, or the settlement of disputes by that method, even in the absence of treaties. Such settlements already count by scores.

2. Treaties of reciprocity in trade. The rivalries of honorable commerce are all in the interest of good neighborhood; and the time will come—I believe it will come soon—when the barriers to international intercourse will be counted as relics of barbarism.

3. Neutralization of the open seas. I heard George S. Hale tell how for eighty years an agreement written on one sheet of paper had kept both England and the United States from launching vessels of war on our great inland lakes, and had made it needless to plant fortifications on their shores. Why may not this policy be widened to the breadth of the Atlantic and the Pacific seas, which are rapidly becoming like inland lakes?

4. Provisions for international coinage, or more probably for a monetary unit, to the immeasurable convenience of a thousand millions, and acceptable to everybody but the money changers, are among the possible concessions which local narrowness, pettiness and precedent may yet make to the growing spirit of goodwill and good understanding.

5. But crowning and completing the edifice of justice and peace must come that permanent tribunal for the settlement of international difficulties of which we are hearing so much and are yet to hear more.

No book in the Bible has suffered more at the hands of its friends than the book of Jonah. It is indeed a sermon of tenderness, a pleading for the rights of those who cannot plead for themselves. It is a sermon of breadth protesting against the narrowness of the human heart that dares throne above its own partialities and narrowness. This sermon of Jonah calls for an extension of sympathies, aye, an expansion of intellect. It is a protest against provincialism. It is Judaism, taking upon itself a divine missionary task, giving to its message wings beyond the farthest confines of Israel. The Judaism of Malachi failed. The Judaism of his unknown contemporary, the author of the book of Jonah, has magnificently succeeded. Ezra and Nehemiah, for all their zeal and devotion, failed, ignominously failed, in their attempt to establish territorial boundaries to monotheism or to locate in space the democracies of God. They failed to make their message, high as it was, the outward constitution of a temporal empire. But their quiet critic, the humble man of ideas, probably in the obscurity of far-off Babylon, shaped this argument in the book of Jonah, protesting against the pride of mere birth and still more against the shallowest pride of all prides, the pride of geography. The one thing for which no man deserves any credit, and which in itself reflects on no man any necessary honor, is the place where he was born. Whether you first see the light upon the high seas, upon the mountain top, in the heart of a great continent or on the rim of a little island of the tropic seas, in peasant's hut or in a king's palace is a fact dependent upon the most superficial and accidental of contingencies. Religion must go deeper than this. Ethics seek profounder credentials and statesmanship must build on a broader basis, as the greater Judaism did in the book of Jonah, if it would understand the secrets of the Almighty or share the inspirations of the eternal.

The developments concerning the painful problems that now overhang our nations bring home impressively to the mind of the thoughtful the fact that notwithstanding our newspapers, telegraphs and telephones that much of the best thinking of the world is done in corners and the noblest utterances often find but meager publication. It is not true, as has been so often assumed by the secular press, that the clergy

are almost unanimous in their sympathy with the administration in their recent invasion of the Philippines. That there are too many ministers among those who profess themselves to be followers of the prince of peace, who commit themselves to the logic of war, is sadly apparent. But that there are many more who are willing to abide by the logic of love and trust the fate of the nation as their individual fate to the judgments of peace rather than the arbitrament of the sword than is commonly believed, is also true. This is particularly true of those who belong to that religious household we fondly call "liberal." Among those conspicuous on the platform at Central Music Hall last Sunday were to be seen Dr. Thomas, Rev. R. A. White and Mr. Salter, while Mr. Johannot, Mr. Mueller of the Universalist Church, with many other ministers, were in the audience. We learn that William C. Gannett has preached ten sermons in the interest of peace and against war in his Rochester pulpit in the last year. Four pamphlet sermons by Joseph May, pastor of the first Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, are before us. One on "Barbarism, Ancient and Modern," dating back to 1896. Another on "America at War," dates April, 1898. The last, entitled "Militarism—the Enemy of Civilization," in March, 1899. Of this war Mr. May speaks in a private letter as a "wicked war." In this last sermon he says that militarism is "the one great present obstacle to the progress of civilization." "It consumes the means needed for civilization," and again he says "there is no such thing as a right of conquest." "Mere conquest confers no right whatsoever."

The Anti-Expansion Meeting of Chicago.

Last Sunday afternoon there was held at Central Music Hall in this city a memorable meeting. Long before three o'clock every available seat in the building was occupied and large numbers failed to find admission. The intense enthusiasm, the responsiveness of the audience and the ethical earnestness and moral indignation of the speakers was such as are paralleled only in the memory of those who lived in the antebellum days. For three long hours the immense audience stayed to give expression to their intense sympathy, with the thought that the present war upon the Filipinos is un-American, unwarranted by international law and a menace to liberty.

The character of the audience was as significant as the size of it. It was in no possible sense a partisan, sectarian or class gathering. The personality of those who occupied seats on the platform showed a large preponderance of academic and other professional men, judges, doctors, professors and teachers. The universities of Lake Forest, Northwestern and Chicago were represented in large numbers. The presiding officer, who made the first speech, was President Rogers of the Northwestern University, a representative of President McKinley's church. The resolutions were offered by Professor Hale of the Chicago University. The speakers were President Rogers, Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, Hon. Edwin Burritt Smith, Sigmund Zeisler, Jane Addams, Bishop J. L. Spalding of the Catholic diocese of Peoria, and the senior editor of UNITY. President Rogers argued that Spain had no power to transfer the allegiance of a people and proved the same by learned citations from international law. Professor Laughlin, after giving expression to his sense of indignation at the outrages perpetrated in the name of the United States upon this far-off people, proceeded to show how baseless are the economic hopes of the financiers who look for a monopoly of the Asiatic trade to follow in the wake of annexation, but clear and timely as was this argument the audience shared with the speaker the sense that such discussion carried but little weight in the presence of the higher discussion of right and justice. Mr. Smith asked pertinently, "By what authority has the president sent forces, recruited to win liberty for Cuba, to wage war against liberty in Asia?" Mr. Zeisler, on behalf of the Filipinos, resented the word "rebels" and asked "since when do the Filipinos owe allegiance to the flag?" and said, "woe to the day when the American people will be prepared to deny that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Jane Addams went to the root of the matter by discussing the fundamental question of war itself. Her address will be published elsewhere in this paper; while Bishop Spalding reviewed British imperialism and showed how impossible it is for the United States to follow its example, even though it were desirable and right.

The success of this meeting was a surprise even to those who organized it. With a single exception the press of Chicago have steadily ridiculed the suggestion and challenged the motives of those who were organizing it. After the meeting the "Tribune" and the "Inter Ocean," as was to be expected, undertook to minimize its effect, but the "Times-Herald," which is understood to be preëminently the administration paper in this city, gave full and generous reports of the meeting, as did the "Chronicle," which from the start has been consistently anti-expansion. We have not space to comment upon this meeting. We regret that our readers cannot all read the earnest and impassioned addresses there made. We can only affix the resolutions passed with the additional assurance to our readers that the meeting was stirred by no transient passion and called for no temporary expedient in the way of a remedy. That the forces of Aguinaldo were or soon would be overwhelmed by the American soldiery was a matter taken for granted, but that would not, in the mind of the gathering there assembled, justify in any measure a forced government or a compulsory annexation. UNITY has given great space to this question since it arose upon the American horizon, not simply because we deemed the question itself a grave one, carrying with it, for better or for worse, the century old ideals of democracy, but because the discussion of the anti-annexation side has been excluded from the pages of so many of our exchanges. The denominational religious papers, with scarcely an exception, have either been silent or open in their vindication of this attempt to extend the boundaries of a republic by conquest. We will be glad to give over the discussion and to devote our pages

to the more amicable but none the less holy questions of religious union and the affirmations of civic ethics, when the American people have had a chance to express themselves all around and the question is fairly before the public in its entire length and breadth.

PLATFORM ADOPTED AT THE ANTI-EXPANSION MEETING

The frank expression of honest convictions upon great questions of public policy is vital to the health and even to the preservation of representative government. Such expression is, therefore, the sacred duty of American citizens.

We hold that the policy known as imperialism is hostile to liberty and tends toward militarism, an evil from which it has been our glory to be free. We regret that it is now necessary in the land of Washington and Lincoln to reaffirm that all men, of whatever race or color, are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We still maintain that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. We insist that the forcible subjugation of a purchased people is "criminal aggression" and open disloyalty to the distinctive principles of our government.

We honor our soldiers and sailors in the Philippine Islands for their unquestioned bravery, and we mourn with the whole nation for the American lives that have been sacrificed. Their duty was obedience to orders; our duty is diligent inquiry and fearless protest. We hold that our government created the conditions which have brought the sacrifice.

We earnestly condemn the policy of the present national administration in the Philippines. It is the spirit of '76 that our government is striving to extinguish in those islands; we denounce the attempt and demand its abandonment. We deplore and resent the slaughter of the Filipinos as a needless horror, a deep dishonor to our nation.

We protest against the extension of American empire by Spanish methods, and demand the immediate cessation of the war against liberty begun by Spain and continued by us. We believe that a foolish pride is the chief obstacle to a speedy settlement of all difficulties. As Mr. Gladstone said to England: "We are strong enough * * * to cast aside all considerations of false shame * * * walking in the plain and simple ways of right and justice." Our government should at once announce to the Filipinos its purpose to grant them under proper guarantees of order the independence for which they have so long fought, and should seek by diplomatic methods to secure this independence by the common consent of nations. It is to-day as true of the Filipinos as it was a year ago of the Cubans that they "are and of right ought to be free and independent."

The Dream of the Liberal Congress.

The recent correspondence which has reached the general secretary's desk proves that the high dream of the congress is not only true, but growing to be a practical one. In response to the recent letters asking prominent orthodox ministers to act on the local committee that is to arrange for the Boston congress next October, the following encouraging replies have been received:

From Rev. George A. Gordon, Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston:

"I thank you for the honor of your request. I am quite ready to have my name used on your local committee. * * * With the International Congregational Council and the Liberal Congress in one autumn Boston ought to be good."

From Rev. Daniel Evans, Plymouth Church, Cambridge, Mass.:

"I desire to thank you heartily for the literature and to say that it gives me pleasure to write that you may use my name. I am in hearty sympathy with all free, if serious, discussions of religion."

From Rev. Charles F. Carter, Congregationalist, Lexington, Mass.:

"The reading of Doctor Hirsch's address in the pamphlet you kindly sent me has put me in excellent mood for responding to your request. I shall be glad to do anything that properly may fall to me in furtherance of the work of the Liberal Congress of Religion, and you are entirely at liberty to place my name on the committee as suggested. I shall be interested to know of the program. * * * It may interest you to know that we have a little "Congress" here for our four churches, Baptist, Episcopalian, Unitarian and Congregationalist, hold union services every month during the winter."

From Rev. W. D. W. Hyde, President Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.:

"I shall be most happy to serve on the local committee of the Liberal Congress as you kindly propose."

Kind words and assurances of sympathy, though unable to accept position on the committee, come to us from Professors B. P. Bowne of the Boston University and William Freemont Blackman of Yale, Doctor Winchester Donald of Trinity Church, Boston, Rev. W. W. Newton of the Episcopal Church, Pittsfield, Mass., and Rev. B. W. Lockhardt of Manchester, N. H.

At the Sign of the Rising Sun.

When morning breaks in our town,
The great round sun can then look down
On this fine inn with open doors—
Thro' which the tide of being pours;
It stands in glory of the day,
Beside the common old highway;
The men and women move sedate—
About their business through its gate;
And yet a smile is on each face,
And every one has words of grace;
So pleasantly the sun looks down,
On Inn of Joy in our town!

Eldest inhabitant that's there
Will sometimes this with pride declare—
"As long as I have lived this way,
The land has been as bright as May;
We have no storms of sleet and cold,
We have no craving lust for gold;
We have no vain and foolish sense,
That brooks or wishes for pretense;
We live in happiness and peace,
While all the years our bliss increase!"
Thus every day to its renown,
The sun smiles on our little town!

The youngest child has gladness too,
And tells this story sweet to you;
"I have the merriest time all day;
My life is like a brook at play,
It runs with song from morn to eve,
While peace and pleasure I receive;
The birds and flowers my friends I call;
I love all things or great or small;
The skies are bright, the air is clear,
And beauty greets me everywhere!"
Thus every morning life to crown,
The sun looks down on our good town!

Now what's to hinder world like this,
Where man perceives the man he is?
Where heart and mind respond to truth,
And keep beatitudes of youth.
This is the world our Father made,
The Inn of Joy wide open laid:
He asks his children small and great,
To enter in its friendly gate,
And have refreshment and good cheer,
And be his guests from year to year;
And then, who doubts on other town,
But what this sun shall still look down?

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

What Peace Means.

"None of us who has been reared and nurtured in American can be wholly without the democratic instinct. It is not a question with any of us of having it or not having it; it is merely a question of trusting it or not trusting it. For good or ill we suddenly find ourselves bound to an international situation. The question practically reduces itself to this: Do we mean to democratize the situation? Are we going to trust our democracy, or are we going to weakly imitate the policy of other governments, which have never claimed a democratic basis?

"The political code, as well as the moral law, has no meaning and becomes absolutely emptied of its contents if we take out of it all relation to the world and concrete cases, and it is exactly in such a time as this that we discover what we really believe. We may make a mistake in politics as well as in morals by forgetting that new conditions are ever demanding the evolution of a new morality, along old lines but in larger measure. Unless the present situation extends our nationalism into internationalism, unless it has thrust forward our patriotism into humanitarianism we cannot meet it.

"We must also remember that peace has come to mean a larger thing. It is no longer merely absence of war, but the unfolding of life processes which are making for a common development. Peace is not merely something to hold congresses about and to discuss as an abstract dogma. It has come to be a rising tide of moral feeling, which is slowly engulfing all pride of conquest and making war impossible.

"Under this new conception of peace it is perhaps natural that the first men to formulate it and give it international meaning should have been workingmen, who have always realized, however feebly and vaguely they may have expressed it, that it is they who in all ages have borne the heaviest burden of privation and suffering imposed on the world by the military spirit.

"The first international organization founded not to promote a colorless peace, but to advance and develop the common life of all nations was founded in London in 1864 by workingmen and called simply 'The International Association of Workingmen.' They recognized that a supreme interest raised all workingmen above the prejudice of race, and united them by wider and deeper principles than those by which they were separated into nations. That as religion, science, art, had become international, so now at last labor took its position as an international interest. A few years later, at its third congress, held in Brussels in 1868, the internationals recommended, in view of the Franco-German war then threatening, that 'the workers resist all war as systematic murder,' and in case of war a universal strike be declared.

"This is almost exactly what is now happening in Russia. The peasants are simply refusing to drill and fight and the czar gets credit for a peace manifesto the moral force of which comes from the humblest of his subjects. It is not, therefore, surprising that as long ago as last December the organized workingmen of America recorded their protest against the adoption of an imperialistic policy.

"In the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held that month in Kansas City, resolutions were adopted indorsing the declaration made by President Gompers in his opening address: 'It has always been the hewers of wood and the carriers of water, the wealth producers, whose mission it has been not only to struggle for freedom, but to be ever vigilant to maintain the liberty of freedom achieved, and it behooves the representatives of the grand army of labor in convention assembled to give vent to the alarm we feel from the dangers threatening us and our entire people, to enter our solemn and emphatic protest against what we already feel; that, with the success of imperialism the decadence of our republic will have already set in.'

"There is a growing conviction among workingmen of all countries that, whatever may be accomplished by a national war, however high the supposed moral aim of such a war, there is one inevitable result —an increased standing army, the soldiers of which are non-producers and must be fed by the workers. The Russian peasants support an army of 1,000,000 men, the German peasants sow and reap for 500,000 more. The men in these armies spend their muscular force in drilling, their mental force in thoughts of warfare. The mere hours of idleness conduce mental and moral deterioration.

"The appeal to the fighting instinct does not end in mere warfare, but arouses these brutal instincts latent in every human being. The countries with the large standing armies are likewise the countries with national hospitals for the treatment of diseases which should never exist, of large asylums for the care of children which should never have been born. These institutions, as well as the barracks, again increase the taxation which rests, in the last analysis, upon producers, and, at the same time, withdraws so much of their product from the beneficient development of their national life. No one urges peaceful association with more fervor than the workingman. Organization is his only hope, but it must be kept distinct from militarism, which can never be made a democratic instrument.

"Let us not make the mistake of confusing moral issues sometimes involved in warfare with warfare itself. Let us not glorify the brutality. The same strenuous endeavor, the same heroic self-sacrifice, the same fine courage and readiness to meet death, may be displayed without the accompaniment of killing our fellow men. With all Kipling's insight he has, over and over, failed to distinguish between war and imperialism on the one hand and the advance of civilization on the other.

"For ten years I have lived in a neighborhood which is by no means criminal, and yet during last October and November we were startled by seven murders within a radius of ten blocks. A little investigation of details and motives, the accident of a personal acquaintance with two of the criminals, made it not in the least difficult to trace the murders back to the influence of the war. Simple people who read of carnage and bloodshed easily receive its suggestions. Habits of self-control which have been but slowly and imperfectly acquired quickly break down under the stress.

"Psychologists intimate that action is determined by the selection of the subject upon which the attention is habitually fixed. The newspapers, the theatrical posters, the street conversations, for weeks had to do with war and bloodshed. The little children on the street played at war, day after day, killing Spaniards. The humane instinct, which keeps in abeyance the tendency to cruelty, the growing belief that the life of each human being—however hopeless or degraded, is still sacred—gives way, and the barbaric instinct asserts itself.

"It is doubtless only during a time of war that the men and women of Chicago could tolerate whipping for children in our city prison, and it is only during such a time that the introduction in the legislature of a bill for the reëstablishment of the whipping post could be possible. National events determine our ideals, as much as our ideals determine national events.—*Jane Addams at the Anti-Expansion Meeting held in Central Music Hall, Sunday, April 30, 1899.*

He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.—*Bailey.*

Correspondence.

The Main Issue.

To the Editor of UNITY:—May I be allowed to say a few words in reply to Mr. Calthrop's letter of April 20? I cannot see that he meets the main charges that many of us are making against the course of the administration. We do not care here to show what some of us firmly believe, that if we had sympathized with the millions of the Spanish people, as we were supposed to sympathize with the Cubans, we could have found truly civilized means without war to free the latter people from oppression. We are now concerned with the Philippine situation. Neither Mr. Calthrop nor anyone else gives us the slightest answer to the main question, namely, why was not the treaty drawn in the same terms for the Philippine Islands as for Cuba? In the one case we substantially said to the world and to ourselves, "We are making this treaty for the benefit of the islanders and we renounce all claim for any advantage to ourselves." In the other case we seemed to say, with equal clearness, "We propose to see what advantage if possible we may get out of this transaction for ourselves." Who doubts that if we had drawn the treaty for Cuba as we drew it for the Philippines we should have an "insurrection" and "rebels" in that island, as we now have them in the Pacific?

I do not suppose that anyone in the United States knows very much either about the precise moral character of Aguinaldo, or whether the conduct of General Otis toward the sensitive, suspicious natives was truly tactful and sympathetic. Grant that the Filipinos are even worse subjects for self government than the Cubans, the Mexicans or the Venezuelans. All the more reason was there that we should approach them without the menacing tone of assumed superiority and sovereignty. All the stronger reason was there, if we were going to stay in the islands, that we should stay because these people asked for our help; in other words, that we should stay, not with an army of occupation, but as advisers, friends and civilizers.

We who are outraged at the conduct of the administration are not unwilling to help their large and motley population to become civilized, but we wish to know by what sort of means we shall proceed, whether with their coöperation or their ill will, whether with machine guns or with schools, whether with old world brute force or with manifest and quite disinterested friendliness, worthy of the twentieth century. We are forced to maintain that the administration has put our advances upon the wrong track. It is idle for men like Mr. Calthrop and Dr. Abbott to mean kindly toward the Philippine people while the plain truth is that the nation has taken over the sovereignty and is now enforcing it with what the whole world believes and multitudes of our own people frankly avow is "an eye for the main chance." We say, let our nation squarely disavow all intention of even as much advantage as a single naval station in the Philippines; let our nation repudiate the wish for any sovereignty over their people. This is preliminary to any further possible steps for the help or the advancement of the islands.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Boston, Mass, April 27.

An Inventor of Fruits and Flowers.

A famous plant breeder is Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, Cal. He came by his genius fairly, for his father was a plant breeder and his mother was a Burpee, of seed fame, so that he got the instinct from both sides of the house. He has invented many valuable fruits, but the two most famous are the "Burbank potato" and the "Burbank plum." When Burbank develops a valuable fruit or flower he does not get a patent on it; he names it and sells it at once to a nurseryman for a good round sum and goes to work on something else.

Burbank's first creation was the potato that bears his name. The story of this potato is a vegetable romance. Over twenty-three years ago Burbank was a New England youth and lived not far from Boston. He had succeeded in producing what he considered a perfect potato by hybridization, interbreeding and careful watching. He had produced one seed; a seed so small that it would have taken several hundred of them to make a good midday meal for a canary. The seed was planted and young Burbank watched the earth to see it come forth. When the season came to an end he dug from the ground not quite four pounds of the most beautiful white potatoes ever seen. These he planted the following season, and the product he planted again and yet again. The next year the product amounted to two tons of potatoes, which he sold for $150 to a seedman, and the Burbank potato began its journey around the world. This was twenty-seven years ago, and it is estimated that over two million bushels of Burbank potatoes are now grown every year. A horticultural statistician has figured that since Burbank created his potato 162 trillion pounds of its kind have been given to the world.

In 1875 Burbank left Massachusetts and went to California to live. He started a small olive farm, but in a few years he gave up everything to become a fruit and flower inventor. His place is known as an experiment farm, and from it have come some wonderful things. He has his home in the town of Santa Rosa, where on ten acres and in a big thoroughly modern greenhouse he does his more delicate work. A few miles in the foothills he has his experiment farm.

At one time Burbank had on his farm 80,000 seedling lilies with which he was endeavoring to produce a few species. He originated a new strain of gladiolus and over one million seedling were grown before he was satisfied with it. He has repeatedly accomplished what was long thought to be impossible, the crossing of the blackberry and the raspberry, and even the raspberry and the strawberry. He experiments with new varieties of fruits for years before allowing them to go out or even be named.

Burbank has made the plum a perfect thing. One of his new creations was immediately bid for by a syndicate that offered $10,000 for its control, but it was placed on general sale. Pieces of the grafting wood of the plum sell for the following prices: Two feet, $15; five feet, $30; ten feet, $50; fifty feet, $200; 100 feet, $350. Pretty expensive lumber, that! Dormant buds on peach and almond roots sell for $10 each. When a customer complains about the price Burbank says: "You do not appreciate the value of two little pieces of living wood, one of which has the power of producing fruit worth $855 a ton, while the other can produce fruit worth only $5 a ton." Of another plum he says: "There is only a little bundle of the grafting wood in existence." This fruit sold for $8.50 a box of twenty pounds of fruit. There were eighty-eight plums in each box and they were worth 42¾ cents a pound wholesale. He invented a rose, which he named after the city of Santa Rosa, which blooms every day in the year without fail.—*Kansas City Star.*

The Daffodil.

O Daffodil! so golden bright
In heaven's stars I joy'd last night;
I revel now in day's fresh birth,
And joy in thee, a star of earth.

—S. S. CHENEY.

Good Poetry.

The Question.

I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as Thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
It's mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-color'd May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
With its dark buds and leaves, wondering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white.
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same lines, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the hours
Within my hand, and then, elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
That I might there present it—O! to Whom?

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Dirge for a Soldier.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know;
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know;
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know;
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to save him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know!
Lay him low!

—*G. H. Boker*

The Pulpit.

Voices in the Wilderness.

A SERMONBY FREDERIC E. DEWHURST, PLYMOUTH CHURCH, INDIANAPOLIS.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."—Luke 3:4.

John the Baptist proclaimed his message in the desert, and what that Judean desert may have been we realize afresh from the weird and wonderful pictures by Tissot. It was John's proper background, the natural symbol of the barrenness of life which was the initial impulse of his message.

There is, moreover, a subtle fitness in the description of John as "a voice crying in the wilderness." It is just a voice; a disembodied cry. It is as if the voice could be separated from the person and all the voice could do was to cry. Its one burden was to prepare and to repent. For such an insistent and reverberating message the desert is the proper sounding board. A man like John the Baptist reaches the climax of his influence when he so arouses the consciences of men that they flock to him with the passionate question on their lips, "What then shall we do?" For that is the most terribly earnest and relentless question that a human soul can ask. When the intellect alone asks it the question is not so terrible, for it indicates only a search for truth. It is the soft and lambent glow of the evening lamp. But when the conscience gets awake and the soul asks the question, then the light is like unto the flame of a prairie fire. It sweeps on and consumes and is terrible. Now, it was the conscience of that Judean multitude which came to John asking the question, "What then shall we do?" The Pharisees came and the Saducees. The publicans were there and the soldiers. John gave them all an answer, for the most part an indignant and angry answer, therein revealing that he could not stay the flames his own torch had lighted. He gave them an answer, but he could not give the right answer; he could not give the final answer. He stood between two worlds, "one dead, the other powerless to be born." There is something curt and harsh in the answers he made to the people. He made them realize that something must be done, but he could not tell them what to do. He was only a herald and the king had not yet come up. He was only a "cry" and the cry was to fulfill and justify itself in the awakened conscience and the passionate desire for better life. The spirit of John was to decrease, while the spirit of the coming Christ was to increase. "Of men born of women none is greater than John, yet he that is but little in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John," was the discerning eulogy of Christ. The giant in the dying world is less in stature than the child in the world that is waiting to be born.

Therefore, we best interpret the character of John in both its strength and its weakness when we think of him as standing between two orders of life, the old order moribund, the new as yet incoherent and embryonic. Such a man could only "cry in the wilderness." He could set the dry stubble ablaze and make various people come to him asking, "What then shall we do?"

It is a situation which has many parallels in history. Great moral transformations are preceded by heralds and prophets of the coming change; by men whose strength is not to construct but to protest. Such was Savonarola, whose accusing cry rang out in the streets of Florence in the closing days of the fifteenth century. It was not in the desert that he made his protest, but in the lovely and magnificent Florence, the city of Dante and Giotto, the fair lily of Italy and of the Middle Ages. But it was also the city of the

Medici; the lily was broken and soiled. In the eyes of Savonarola, Florence was a moral wilderness, and there his cry rang out. When at last that wretched pontiff, Alexander Sixth, sent him to the stake and through his deputy proclaimed to the expiring martyr, "I separate thee from the church militant and the church triumphant," Savonarola replied, "No, not from the church triumphant; that is beyond thy power!" So the stern Florentine stands there between the Catholic and the Protestant worlds, not wholly freed from the one; powerless, as yet, to interpret the other. Yet it was almost the dawn of the day when the German monk, with the Teutonic love of freedom surging in his blood, was to take issue with the successor of Alexander and modern religious history was to begin. When the pope sends his official bull to Luther, Luther burns it in public at the city gate. When the pope excommunicates Luther, Luther retorts by excommunicating the pope, and the Protestant world is born.

Once more turning the pages of history, we come to the close of the eighteenth century. We are here again between two worlds, the world of feudalism and the world of democracy, and as before there is the herald crying in the wilderness. We hear the doom of the dead past in the philosophy of Rousseau, in the poetry of Shelley and at length in the storm and upheaval of revolution. But Rousseau and Shelley and Robespierre are not the founders of democracy; they are not the true interpreters of its spirit. They were voices crying in the wilderness. They could protest but not interpret. When the people came to Rousseau and asked, "What shall we do?" his answer was, "Return to nature." When they asked Shelley, he sang his "Ode to Liberty;" when they asked Robespierre he pointed to the guillotine whose gleaming knife seemed continually descending. And the long stretch of the nineteenth century has not yet yielded the full answer to the question which then arose, "What shall we do?" No man among us is yet wise enough to interpret the world that then was born.

But meantime, and before the world of the old feudalism has wholly become the world of the new democracy, another transformation makes its beginnings felt. We are passing out of the nineteenth century upon the tides of a movement as deep and resistless as was that other movement with which the century began. No one who has followed the drift of the more serious literature of our century needs to be reminded what the nature of that movement is. Whether it be Thackeray with his satire, or Dickens with his sentimentalism, or Carlyle with his thunders of Sinai, or Ruskin and Morris with their blending of economics and art, or Arnold with his plea for sanity, for "sweetness and light," or the novelists, from George Eliot to Mrs. Humphry Ward, with their powerful delineations of life and society—it all moves toward one goal—the inadequacy of the old, selfish, exclusive, individualistic ideals of life. Edward Everett Hale has said that "'Together' is the great central word of the civilization of the world." The literature of our century has been trying to get its tongue in shape to formulate and utter that unaccustomed word, "Together." Throughout it all runs an undercurrent of conviction that democracy as a political formula must find its corresponding social formula in a new sense of the fellowship and community of human lives. William Morris declares that "It is not Absolutism and Democracy, as the French Revolution understood these two terms, that are the enemies now; the issue is deeper than it was; the two foes are now Mastership and Fellowship."

The motive in all these significant prophecies of soming change is born out of social interest and sympathy. It is the profound impulse, pointed out by a recent discerning writer as manifesting itself so clearly in the character of Dorothea, in Middlemarch, "that curious sense of the organic whole, that modern craving for untrammeled fellowship, for which the term altruism is degrading and for which no other term exists." It is the rebirth of this motive and interest (for it is, after all, only the original Christian motive of love and fellowship) which we find in all the deepest and most earnest thought of the century. It is so conspicuous as to be characteristic. No great writer after Sir Walter Scott contents himself with the portrayal of the old life of chivalry and romance. It is the new, wonderful life of humanity with all that is pitiful and tragic in it, all that is hopeful and prophetic and divine in it, that has since molded, and is yet molding, the imagination of our men and women of letters and through them, the imagination and the deeds of us all. So there have been new voices crying in the wilderness, and like John the Baptist they have been strong in protest, because they have stood between two worlds; and, like him again, when the people, with their consciences aroused, have come eagerly asking the question, "What then shall we do?" the answer which they give seems by and by to be inadequate. As heralds they could bid us prepare the highway for a coming Messiah, but the edicts and laws of the new kingdom they could proclaim only in fragments. The old world lay dead before them, but the new world was as yet incoherent, "without form and void." But in this world we ourselves are living. It is this period of transformation of which we are a part. These changes, in the main, go on silently like the coming of the dawn and the shifting of the seasons, but they may also be marked by storm and tumult and the voice of the tempest.

What, then, is the religious bearing of these things? There are two questions, already vital, certain to become more vital and urgent through the waning of old religious sanctions and old social ideals. "These two questions are: What shall be believe and what shall we do?

The age which brought in personal liberty and political rights was certain also to loosen the ancient principle of religious authority. Intellect and conscience could not longer be held in equilibrium. The Catholic church in America is still nominally under the old allegiance to the Italian pontiff in the Vatican; but in some respects it is farther removed from the old ecclesiastical Rome than was the Protestant church in the days of Luther. The walls of a structure may stand, apparently undisturbed, even after they have been worn thin from within; but some day the transformation will come and the structure will disappear. The chrysalis seems shriveled and dead and worthless; but a new and beautiful life is forming within.

In the Protestant churches, the principle of freedom has been working with fewer restraints. The whole question of authority of priest, of church and Bible has been brought to the searching light of truth and the untenable assumptions of Protestantism, carried over bodily from Rome, have begun to be set aside. Meantime it leaves many a fearful and anxious heart asking, "What then shall be believe? Who shall tell us what is truth? If the foundations are removed on what shall stand the structure of our faith?" This is the question which Protestantism has not yet answered intelligently and finally for her children; it is the question to which in all seriousness she must address herself until the answer comes clear and full. And when she gets over her own flutterings of heart, her own fear and dread at the removal of ancient landmarks and the disappearance of ancient sanctions, she will know how, let us trust, to answer this question with courage and cheer. For she will be able to assure her children that their beliefs and guarantees of truth are not meant to relieve them from personal re-

sponsibility, from effort and thought and struggle, but only to give them great and comforting assurance that they live in a divine world where truth is regnant and is to be at last gloriously crowned.

It is this situation which is disclosed so thrillingly in Helbeck of Bannisdale. The tragic collision is between Helbeck, the refined and noble, but narrow, devotee of Rome, and Laura, the untrained and untutored child of the modern age and its free thought. There we have it again—the two worlds, "one dead, the other powerless to be born." Helbeck, statuesque, immovable, committed to an authority and a system which for him cannot change; Laura, inheriting a freedom which she does not understand and has not the power to use. The tremendous lesson of the tragedy is summed up in words which fall like pearls from the lips of the old Cambridge professor as he sits there soliloquizing: "The figure of the church, spouse or captive, bride or martyr, as she has become personified in Catholic imagination, is surely among the greatest, the most ravishing of human conceptions . . . . . And yet behind her as she moves through history, the modern sees the rising of something more majestic still, the free human spirit, in its contact with the infinite sources of things, the Jerusalem which is the mother of us all, the greater, the diviner church . . . . This transformation affects the whole of personality. The spiritual stature of man has risen like his physical stature. We walk to-day a nobler earth. We come not as outcasts, but as sons and freemen, to the house of God. But all the secrets and formulæ of a new mystical union have yet to be worked out. And so long as pain and death remain humanity will always be at heart a mystic."

We must remember that the old Cambridge professor is himself a disciple of the modern world and its free thought; that he is, moreover, the evident mouthpiece of the author who through him would speak her inmost thought. The Catholic church of Helbeck gave him peace, assurance and safety, and the equipoise of life. The inherited instinct of freedom, without the sense of its meaning and use, left Laura a helpless wreck without peace or certitude. Between these two positions what have we? Plainly our historical Protestantism, either accepting the old Roman principle of authority, baptized with a new name, or else throwing all authority overboard and drifting no-whither. But when we come, as Professor Friedland said, "not as outcasts, but as sons and freemen, into the house of God," then we shall be free, but still constrained; free, but in the freedom of the truth.

This is the task which awaits the Greater Protestantism, the Protestantism, not of the sixteenth nor even of the nineteenth, but of the dawning century, the century of our children and of those who shall be born to them. The task awaiting us meantime is so to feel the responsibilities of freedom and the burdens of it, so to be humbled and exalted by its gift, that it shall be inherited by our children, not as a dread, but as a joy; not as an extinguisher of faith, but as its quickener. By as much as we are ourselves free, by so much it devolves upon us to be made captive to our free hopes and convictions; to make our children see that truth is not static, but dynamic; that it is not a deposit of thoughts and opinions, but a storehouse of living reality. In an atmosphere so large and vital as that, the tremulous question, What shall we believe? will be swallowed up in the hopeful and inspiring prayer, "Give me thy truth, O God, that so my hunger may be satisfied." "Not by bread alone," said Christ, "but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, man liveth."

The other question we are asking is of equal stress and urgency, "What shall we do?"

The voices of the nineteenth century, crying in the wilderness, have impelled us to ask this question. But none of them has given the whole or the final answer. None has established a new equilibrium of life. No one is even yet quite able to do so. There is a certain unrest that must still be tolerated by us all. But the tendency and motive are at least apparent. We are moving away from an individual toward a social interpretation of religion and of life. Our social sympathy and interest are at last awake, and that sympathy and interest are expressing themselves in private neighborly offices and in wide and sweeping movements, which include the social life of the world. The fire is burning in our hearts. In every community, in every church, perhaps in almost every household, are some who would be clad for the new social service and who would go forth, like Percival and Galahad, if they knew where to go. Beautiful is the glow in young hearts and the light upon young faces, for it is the light of God. The inborn desire is the voice of the spirit, counseling them, even as Athene counseled Telemachus, "You must not hold to childish ways, for you are no longer now the child you were." Let us cherish the vision; let us hold the conviction that the truth lies in the direction indicated, even though the goal be not in sight. If into our religious life and into our churches, the churches of the twentieth century, can come an eagerness for social service as great as the old eagerness for individual salvation, then the problem of religion and the church is solved anew.

As one looks around to-day upon the activity of the Christian church, there is still much to remind him of the story of the Russian princess who, rambling one day in the palace grounds, saw a rose by the wayside, bruised and bended. She asked that a sentinel might be stationed there to guard the rose and nurse it back to life. The sentinel was sent and in turn relieved by others, and the order having been recorded, a sentinel continued to stand on that spot year after year, long after the rose and the princess had died. When a future emperor inquired why the sentinel was stationed in that unfrequented place, apparently for no reason, he found on searching the records what the reason was. And there the sentinel stood keeping watch over the memory of a dead rose. It sometimes seems as if there were such sentinels in the church. Their tasks are forgotten; their functions grown obsolete; their speech archaic; they stand guard over traditions and forms for which no man cares.

Nevertheless, as Sojourner Truth said to Frederic Douglass, when he seemed doubting and faint-hearted, "Frederic, God is not dead." Neither are God's true servants dead. "There are more than seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal." If to some the cause seem lost, not so does it seem to those whose faces still reflect the light of the sun that never sets. Out on the fighting line, in the van, beyond the point which the vision of many of us can reach, there wave the white plumes of the soldiers of God.

Let us revere the past. Let us honor the causes for which men have lived and died, in which they believed. But let us most of all inspire our vision and cheer our hearts with the prophecy of what is yet to come, of whose full, rich meaning there is as yet perchance no prophet, but only voices crying in the wilderness, beseeching us to troop forth in valorous bands, to straighten out the roads, fill up the valleys and cut down the hills in order that the king may come. And if our consciences are asking, "What shall we do?" let us follow their urging until the answer shall come clear. If our hearts burn within us, as with the pressure of new hopes and the pain of unfulfilled desire, let us walk on, for it may be that to us, as to the disciples long ago, "the Christ shall be made known in the breaking of bread."

The Study Table.

The Underground Railroad From Heaven to Freedom.*

We have not had made contributions to American history so valuable as this. It would be possible for someone to take these materials and from them make a story of wonderful pathos and impressiveness. But Prof. Siebert has told an unvarnished tale and trusted to his facts for all the eloquence of his presentation. And not in vain. Seldom have we read a book of more heart-stirring quality. Very great patience must have gone to the collecting of so many facts, and collecting them carefully, as Prof. Siebert has been resolved they should be collected. Of course the enumeration of persons connected with the Underground Railroad is not complete. Almost anyone who was in touch with anti-slavery people in the anti-bellum days will be able to make additions here and there. But the list given here is long and contains names that could not be engraved too lastingly in marble or cast too deep in bronze. Prof. Siebert has gathered the names of 3,200 persons who were connected with the railroad in one way or another. To Levi Coffin was credited the presidency of the road. This Quaker, whose picture represents him looking as innocent as an unweaned babe, helped more than 3,000 slaves to win their liberty. Thomas Garrett's number was 2,700. He had hoped to make it 3,000, but the passage of the thirteenth amendment spoiled the business. The bias of this exodus on the institution of slavery was immense. Its extent was carefully concealed by the census returns from 1850 to 1860. Theodore Parker reckoned that there were in the North 50,000 fugitive slaves. Mr. Sanborn thinks somewhere between 25,000 and 50,000. Here was a state of things quite as irritating to the southern mind as the abolitionist speeches and publications. A facsimile of one "conductor's" record of his business for five months is very interesting. Forty-four slaves were run off in that time. Levi Coffin once had seven fugitives in his house at once.

Prof. Siebert, in setting forth his matter, keeps pretty close to the general figure under which his book is written, and after writing of the railroad itself, writes of the hands, then of the freight and finally of those political relations and effects which have been inseparable from the management of every American railroad, small or great. His map of the Underground Railroad is the most remarkable thing in his book. Hardly is the country even now recticulated with so thick a network of ordinary railroads as it was in the 50's, with the main lines and branches of this most extraordinary one. A very interesting chapter is that on the "Life of the Refugees in Canada."

Prof. Siebert conceives that what he has written modifies a general impression that the Garrisonian movement marked a change from death to life in the anti-slavery conflict. Certainly no such impression can be derived from the "Story of Garrison's Life, Told by His Children," where due credit is given to Lundy and Rankin and all the others who were men before Agamemnon. What is certain is that in 1830 southern abolitionism was fast dying out and that the Colonization Society was playing more and more into proslavery hands. Prof. Siebert is convincing that the Underground Railroad was flourishing continuously and progressively before the advent of Garrison, but that his advent gave a new impetus to it would be certain if we had not a fact to go upon.

*"The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom," by Wilber H. Siebert, Associate Professor of European History in Ohio State University, with an introduction by Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University, New York The Macmillan Company, 1898. Cloth, 8vo., $4.00.

Prof. Siebert has enlarged immensely our field of sympathy and admiration. He had given us names which hereafter we must write high up with those of Garrison and Phillips and their noble company. He has contributed a missing chapter to Rhodes' "History of the United States Since the Compromise of 1850," and to every history of the anti-slavery times, and he has amassed a body of fact which every future historian of those times will be bound to reckon with. The numerous illustrations are a rude and homely, but very real, addition to the value of this fascinating and important book. J. W. C.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

We are delighted to see once more in the "Monist" the welcome name of Dr. Edmund Montgomery—a man from whom we cannot hear too often. I do not remember to have seen a line from him for the past two years. The present article is one of those magnificent discussions of the experimental philosophy, which could come from no other writer in America. Dr. Carus gives us an exceedingly important and very subtle comparison between Yahveh and Manitou, the God idea of the Jews and the God idea of the North American Indians. The number altogether is one of the most valuable ever issued.

A new magazine is to be published by the Macmillan Company, entitled "Bird Lore." It will be edited by Frank M. Chapman. Its illustrations are perfection. Its object will be to advance the general interests of the Audubon societies and protect our most important friends, the birds. It will cost but one dollar a year. I am glad to read the following sentence: "One of the most dangerous enemies threatening our birds to-day is the man who, under the mask of science, collects birds and their eggs." That is a scientific fact. These collectors are doing, as a rule, no good whatever.

The "Review of Reviews" for April contains articles particularly interesting to those who desire to create a wholesome sentiment in reference to the question of expansion. There is also very much to interest those who are engaged in the improvement of factory towns. Dr. Shaw, the editor, keeps this magazine thoroughly charged with what we may call the healthy spirit in literature. It is what we particularly need just at the present time.

The "Independent" comes with a discussion of municipal franchises, indorsing strongly the idea which is now gaining a great hold on the American people, that cities should own their own franchises for transportation, water and light. The "Independent" says what we heartily indorse, that we owe a great debt to Governor Pingree of Michigan for his brave fight against the monopolists. In the same number Dr. Munger expresses his view of expansion, which is indorsed by the editor, that "After reading much on the subject I am forced to say that I have found no wiser words, none that so cover the situation, none that so clearly outline the possible course of action, as the president's recent speech in Boston."

Total abstainers are very much encouraged by the last report from the British army. Three regiments were selected from each of several brigades for tests at different times. In one every man was forbidden to drink a drop while the test lasted. In the second malt liquor only could be used. In the third a sailor's ration of whisky was given to each man. The experiment was repeated during forced marches and other hard work. The whisky drinkers showed more dash

at first, but in about four days succumbed to lassitude and abnormal fatigue. Those given malt liquor displayed less dash at first, but their endurance lasted longer. The abstainers, however, are said to have increased daily in alertness and staying powers. As a result of this experiment the war department decided that in the Soudan campaign no liquor should be used —not even by the officers. To-day it is a great and glorious fact that Lord Kitchener's victory was made by an army of teetotalers, who made phenomenal marches through the desert, under a burning sun, and swept everything before them. The report is that there never was a British campaign in which there was so little sickness as in this.

A little volume in "Appleton's Town and Country Library" deserves far more than casual notice. It is a work by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, entitled, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." It is, in fact, one of those rare productions that we find dovetailed with ordinary productions, and therefore are liable to overlook. Nearly every line of this novel is above the average of such productions, and we may say that on some pages every fifth sentence is brilliant. Here is one from her description of Paul Seton: "He was as yet young enough to concoct plans for the conflagration of the River Thames, not knowing that if a man can kindle a fire on his own hearthstone to keep him warm in his old age, he has done his share toward the heating apparatus of this world." Here are two or three passages from page 17: "She was one of those whitey-brown threads of women, who are constantly being overlooked by their friends and neighbors, and whose natural abode is supposed to be the outlying districts of other people's lives." "Joana was the raw material out of which nuns and Sisters of Mercy are made." "He had still to learn that the man who tries and succeeds is one degree less of a hero than the man who fails and yet goes on trying." Of Mr. Martin she says: "Early in life he had undertaken the difficult task of combining the service of God and mammon. He worked ten hours a day at amassing money; but his off time he devoted conscientiously to Heaven, and he considered that on the whole Heaven had nothing to complain of in the arrangement." "We pray that we may be delivered from pitfalls which have no attraction for us, and we hope that Providence will be so much engaged in attending to the fulfillment of this prayer that our slips and stumbles into the little hollows, which we affect, will pass unnoticed."

From the same house, D. Appleton & Co., comes "Her Memory," by Maarten Maartins. Like all the work of this Dutch writer, we have here something masterly and impressive. It is a novel of a very high type—thoroughly clean and ennobling. His other works are: "The Greater Glory," "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh"—all of the highest rank.

A volume from Prof. George D. Herron, entitled "Between Cæsar and Jesus," comes from T. Y. Crowell & Co. I should be glad if I could thoroughly believe that books of this sort were tending to reconstruct society on a higher level. But the extravagant passages seem likely to entirely overbalance all the good that the writer can do. Dr. Herron holds that it is impossible for a Christian to be a stockholder in our large capitalizations of money. Civilization he calls chaos, but he thinks that, "From the midst of our devouring monsters rises the creative dream of equality and harmony. Industry is about to be carried over from the individual to the social or spiritual plane." In other words, he identifies socialism with spirituality. He seems to have it strongly in mind that our social remedy is to revert to a condition of affairs like that of Christ and his disciples. He forgets invariably to tell us what was the result of the social experiment in which Jesus lost his life, and, for that matter, Judas also. There really is no great promise ahead in the visions of this class of teachers.

Some studies of marriage and divorce of late are exceedingly valuable, although not altogether encouraging. Divorce in the United States has increased 57 per cent., while the increase of population increased 60 per cent. The cause of this is attributed, in a recent article of considerable weight, to the general modern movement which makes freedom to mean liberation—that is, of subjects of sovereigns, slaves from masters, wives from husbands and even children for parents. Probably there is force in the idea that the disappearance of the church power in marriage has had something to do with this laxity. An economic reason is also evident, that is, men are less dependent on women for their home needs, and women have resources and interests of their own more independent of men. Among the working classes marriages are not less frequent than formerly, but of 1,486 students of English colleges for women only 208 married. Is it a legitimate conclusion, drawn by some, that the monogamic family is destined to pass out of civilization? It seems far more probable that the reconstruction of modern society, which is now beginning on a more socialistic basis, will bring in a solution of the marriage question more in accordance with conscience and common sense.

"Five O'clock Courage."

The following is from an editorial in the Home Department of "Watchman:"

Napoleon used to say that the kind of valor he prized was "two o'clock in the morning courage." A modern writer has said that "five o'clock in the afternoon courage" is the rare and priceless thing. After the nerves have been worn and the patience exhausted by the labor and irritations of a long day, it needs a high type of energy and persistence for a man to maintain his purpose, to keep his spirit up to the mark, and not to relax his efforts in the very last hour of the day's work. The present writer has more than once seen a choice business opportunity slip from the grasp of a man who should have held it, simply because he lacked the five o'clock in the afternoon courage, and if the secrets of the committee rooms of Congress should be published it would be found that many a great measure has failed simply because the man who had charge of it weakened at the last moment. If he had hung on a little longer he would have carried his point. The French say that it is the first step that costs, but it is the last step that counts. The Apostle Paul understood this when he told the Ephesian Christians "having done all, to stand."—Exchange.

Good Cheer.

The cultivation of cheerfulness is indeed a duty, for it adds to the character a winning grace and exerts upon others a healthful influence. True cheerfulness is not to be confounded with noisy levity or boisterous mirthfulness. It is often found with persons of a quiet temper, but whose lives are bright, genial, patient and hopeful. It draws from every source warmth and gladness, and dispels coldness and gloom. The truly cheerful person is welcomed to all circles and commended by all natures, even those who are deficient in that which they approve and enjoy. The highest type of cheerfulness is found in those natures that are genuinely moral, and in whom the grace of cheeriness is a superadded virtue.—*Universalist Leader.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—In Thy sight, the light of eternity masters the shadows of time, and destiny, which is Thy will, works for the good of the universe.

MON.—Experience may not have shown how to think, but nature has taught how to feel.

TUES.—Many days, left by himself alone, his heart was no companion to him, for it was peopled only by vague desires.

WED.—Nature, the universal mother, has sympathy with all her children.

THURS.—Tread thy passions under thy feet, daunt thy senses, and establish serenity in thy mind, then mightest thou attain to supreme dignity.

FRI.—Alas, my friendly, serviceable Body! Have I not struggled with thee to thy present stature; and has not that drift of conscious fire men call soul wrought thee, with burning implements, into an adequate expression of itself?

SAT.—Well hast thou served thy fellows and done honour to the Soul entrusted thee during thy wanderings; when thou hast given to mankind the example of a just governor, and hast shown moderation in prosperity, as thou hast already displayed patience in affliction, thou shalt join me in the Restful World.

—*From "The Iliad of the East."*

The Fairy's Robe.

There was a fairy, wise and good,
  Once on a time, as I've heard say,
Who took the bits of happiness
  That foolish folks had thrown away
And wove them in a wondrous loom
  Till she had made a Robe of Joy,
Whose shining folds were never dimmed,
  And which no time could e'er destroy.

Then all the people cried: "Alack!
  Lend us, we pray, this wondrous dress,
That we may say that we have known
  At least a borrowed happiness!"
The fairy smiled. "Go, look," she said,
  "Along your path and you will find
That, though a few stray joys I took,
  Yet, plenty still remain behind!"

—*Priscilla Leonard in "Churchman."*

How Uncle Dave Made an Encyclopedia.

"I do wish," said Rob to Uncle Dave, "that we had an encyclopedia in the house! I so often want information on different subjects, and it is not always convenient to go to the Public Library."

"Well, why don't you make one?" said Uncle Dave.

"Make one!" cried Rob; "you are joking, surely."

"Not at all," said the uncle, rising and going toward his desk. "Have you never seen mine?"

"No," said Rob, with eyes full of wonder, and following him across the room.

Uncle Dave opened a drawer, and, taking out a good-sized book, laid it on the desk and invited Rob to examine it.

He opened it to the front and found a neat index, each letter of the alphabet having a full page. Some of these were filled with numerous subjects beginning with the same letter, while others had only a few. Under the letter A he found the words "Ants," "Alphabet," "Alligators," "Apples," etc.; under B, "Beetles," "Buoys," "Bees," "Bears," etc. He turned to the page devoted to ants and found scraps pasted in on the following subjects: "The Strength of an Ant," "An Ant Fifteen Years Old," "Work of White Ants," "Did the Ant Talk?"

Intensely interested, he turned to the letter S, and found the following subjects treated: "Ships," "Stags," "Swallow," "Seals," "Spinning-wheels," "Spiders," "Sponges," etc. He turned to the page which referred to snails, and became interested in knowing that the snails possess quite an affection for each other, and that large farms in Switzerland are devoted to the raising of these small beings. He laughed outright when he read that, if a snail lost his head and was put in a cool place a new one would very soon be grown.

"Why, Uncle Dave, I think this is just splendid! Do you think I could ever make one like it?"

"There is no reason why you should not, my boy. All you need do is to scan carefully every paper that passes through your hands. Much valuable information on every subject is too often consigned to the waste-basket or used to kindle the kitchen fire. I carry a small pair of scissors in my pocket, and, whenever I come across an item suitable for my book, I clip it out immediately; for, if a paper is once laid aside you may never think of it again."

"Then that is the reason," said Rob, with a sly look at his uncle, "why you are always so generous with your papers, and willing to let everyone else have the first reading of them."

"Certainly," said Uncle Dave, "for I know that an item clipped from a paper is much more interesting than all that remains—to some people, at least."

"Well," said Rob, closing the book and rising, as it is a rainy day, and we cannot have our match ball game, I will go and look over the weekly accumulation of papers and make a beginning at once. Why, Uncle Dave, every item you paste in your book makes it more valuable. We have to write a short paper on a different subject every week at school, and often we are allowed to choose our own subject, and I never know where to go for interesting information."

"Meantime," said Uncle Dave, "while you are making your book you can have free access to mine."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Dave! I shall look forward to my weekly paper now with pleasure, instead of dread," said Rob, as he left the room with a happy look in his eyes.

"Nothing like giving a boy something to do and something to think about," said Uncle Dave, as he laid his precious book away in the drawer; "particularly when it is in keeping with his studies."—*Jessie R. Baldwin, in Sunday-school Times.*

Disappointments.

Disappointments, well no matter,
  Let them come thro' drenching tears;
Hope will paint its rainbow after,
  And the clouds will disappear.

It is hard, you say. I know it,
  That our promised joy should die,
When the bud so sweet and sunlit,
  Seemed to kiss the bright warm sky.

Seemed, but ah, we know it did not,
  Since between did shadows flow.
Let it pass, for you, it was not.
  Loose its wings, and let it go.

Sip the sweet that it has left you,
  Taste the bitter part as well.
Drink them both and they shall bless you
  With the peace no tongue can tell.

—*"Universalist Leader."*

At a dinner in London, Mr. Gladstone said to Father Healy, a witty Irish priest: "Mr. Healy, I have recently come from Rome, where I saw the offer of a plenary indulgence for fifty francs. Now, what authority has your church to forgive my sins for fifty francs?"

"That is too large a subject to take up with the dessert," the Irishman replied gently, "but," his eyes twinkling, "I think any church that would forgive your sins, Mr. Gladstone, for fifty francs, is letting you off very cheaply." Mr. Gladstone readily joined in the shout of laughter which followed this apt reply.—*Universalist Leader.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Seeing Sound.—The following letter sent out to such addresses as were available carries its own explanation, and we reprint it, hoping that to some of our Chicago readers it will be in time to give them the opportunity and to others it will be an interesting sign of progress.

Dear Sir:—Professor R. W. Wood of the University of Wisconsin will deliver a lecture at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, May 6th, at 8 p. m., on some of his original work with the camera.

It is a repetition of his recent exhibit before the National Academy at Washington, which excited the highest praise from many of the best scientific men in the country.

The lecture will show a series of instantaneous views of sound waves and their action under various conditions, echoes, sound-shadows and musical notes, as well as the progress of sound through other media than air.

There will be exhibited "zone plates" or lenses on plane glass and pictures taken with them.

Also color photographs printed on diffraction gratings, the latest and simplest system of that much sought after art.

Professor Wood has within the year made for himself a great name by these discoveries, and by the production in the lecture room of the phenomena in miniature of cyclones and mirages. He will always be gratefully remembered as the inventor of the electric process for thawing water pipes.

This is a rare opportunity to hear first hand of some of the most remarkable results of recent scientific research.

The lecture is given for the benefit of the Helen Heath Settlement. Tickets costing one dollar each may be obtained at the hall, 17 Van Buren street, or by inclosing currency or check to William Kent, 12 Sherman street, Chicago.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM KENT.

Chicago, May 3, 1899.

Boston.—The Conference of Anti-Imperialists is to be held at Young's Hall, Tuesday, May 16th, 2 p. m. Among the officers of this league appears the name of George S. Boutell as president, and Ewing Winslow as secretary. Among the vice-presidents appear the names of Grover Cleveland, Charles Francis Adams, Carl Schurz, Theodore L. Cuyler and many others of the same caliber.

Chicago.—The meeting at Central Music Hall last Sunday, alluded to elsewhere, has aroused prompt activity among the opposition, and preparations are being made for a monster meeting in the Auditorium. Doubtless its "monstrous" character will be realized, for this cause is immensely in the speaking majority. The preachers will join with the supporters of the administration. One humiliating reflection must be apparent even to the friends of the administration, the short-cut appeal to the emotions by giving to the meeting the name of the "Loyalist" rally, thus implying that there is a disloyal antithesis. Is it disloyal to be anxious for the fair fame of one's country? Is it disloyalty to appeal to the fundamental principles of Republicanism? It is disloyal to be solicitious for the honor of the flag? Can there be a spiritual antithesis between the humanitarian and the patriot? If so, it is to the discredit of patriotism for humanitarianism will abide. * * * The "Dial" for May 1st contains an article of permanent interest to the readers of UNITY by Professor Pyre of the University of Wisconsin on the "Dial" of 1840-43. It contains much information concerning this most unique and brilliant venture in journalism found in the history of American letters. It gives the history of Emerson's career as editor. Rather than see the great undertaking begun by Margaret Fuller and other die or fall "into the hands of the Canaanites," Mr. Emerson became its banker, editor and chief contributor of a paper which is now either forgotten or seldom thought of except by the few, but a publication that lies, as George Willis Cook has shown in his publication, at the bottom of much of the best thinking and best writing of America. Those interested in the history of liberal thought should secure this number of the "Dial" and then follow the guiding of this article into more extensive readings.

The Psalter of the Crusade.

No one who has ever heard Ebenezer Elliott's hymn sung by a great congregation in a time of national crisis can doubt the potency and inspiration of this people's psalm. The Corn Law rhymer never ventured to dream that a day would come when the greatest of all kings and lords would take the initiative in pleading for the utilization of money wasted on armaments in the service of the people. But it has come to pass, and notwithstanding the incongruity, under the circumstances, of the reference to thrones and crowns, it cannot be spared from the Crusade Psalter.

"WHEN WILT THOU SAVE THE PEOPLE?"

Tune: Commonwealth.

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
It is Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains, "No," Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people! Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

—*Exchange.*

The Song of the English Dead.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But links our dead on the sand forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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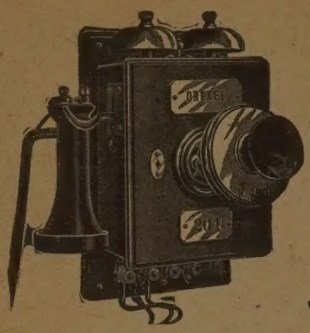

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